DORIDA:

OR, THE

SORDUE in TEARS.

A PASTORAL

ELEGIAC-ESSAY,

TOWARDS

The CHARACTER of that EXCELLENT,

AND

Universally Lamented LADY,

The RIGHT HONOURABLE the

COUNTESS of *EUSTON.*

Meliorem, neque Tu reperies, neque Sol videt. Plautus.

If any Fairer than the Faireſt be,
(Virtue adds Bloom to Beauty) *it was* SHE.

SHE WAS, *but Words are wanting to ſay*—What:
Say—ALL THAT's GOOD AND GREAT—*and* She *was* That.

THE THIRD EDITION,

With the *Addition* of a POEM in *Miltonic Verſe*; to HER *Immortal Memory.*

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ARGUMENT.

THE *Shepherd* Melibœus *reſting himſelf upon a Rock, diſcovers a wonderful Diſorder throughout* Nature; *and not being able to give any certain Reſolve, whence this Mutation of Things ſhould ariſe,* Mænalcas *appears, and tells him,* DORINDA, *the Delight of the Shepherds, is* Dead: *Upon which, they tune their Lays, and ſing Her* ELEGY.

The Grove in Tears.

O'ERWHELM'D in Grief, with horrid Thoughts oppreſt
That broke his Slumbers, and diſturb'd his Reſt,
Sad MELIBOEUS wander'd to a Rock,
Far from the Plain, and diſtant from his Flock;
With drooping Head (a Sign that Sorrows ſhews)
The *Shepherd* ſigh'd! and thus expreſt his Woes.

I.

MYSTERIOUS *Nature*! deign to tell,
From whence this ſudden Change befel?
O ſay from whence the Cauſe, that ſprings
This ſtrange, and alter'd State of Things?
The Meadows now a Deſart prove;
And ALL---in ſad Diſorder move!
O tell me, *Nature*! *Nature* tell,
From whence this wond'rous Change befel?

II.

NO Sun now comforts with its Light!
No Moon now uſhers in the Night!
The World's dark Curtain's overſpread!
And Clouds hang heavy over-head!
The frighted *Shepherds* leave their Flocks,
For Refuge fly to hollow Rocks!

O tell me, Nature! Nature tell,

From whence this wond'rous Change befel?

III.

THE wing'd Muſicians of the Air,

In rueful Notes expreſs their Care!

The Zephyrs turn to mournful Sighs!

And Nymphs ſtream Rivers from their Eyes!

My Flocks, and Goats do wildly range,

All frighted at this wond'rous Change:

Ye *Gods!* that in *Olympus* dwell,

The Cauſe of theſe Diſorders tell?

THE *Shepherd* ceas'd----but could not find Relief;

His ſwelling Soul denoted inward Grief:

Long mute He lay----at length his Head he rears,

And from his Eyes guſh'd forth a Sea of Tears:

In Deluges he thus deſpairing lies,

Till, loſt in Thought, kind Sleep inclos'd his Eyes.

LONG had not *Morpheus* ſeal'd his Beams of Light,

E'er ſad *Mænalcas* did appear in Sight;

With Cares depreſt, He ſhook his hoary Head,

And viewing *Melibœus*, thus He ſaid,

MÆNALCAS.

AWAKE! awake!

Uncloſe thoſe Eyes;

No Slumber take,

Ariſe! ariſe!

Shepherd

Shepherd, arise!

Lift up thy Head;

All *Nature* ſighs!

----DORINDA's *dead*.

THE *Shepherd* wak'd, and rais'd his drooping Head,

And heard that doleful Sound----DORINDA's *dead*.

He view'd around, and ſaw *Mænalcas* nigh,

And thus in broken Accents did reply.

MELIBOEUS.

THE ſtrange Prognoſtics I have ſeen of late,

Foretold ſome cruel Sacrifice of *Fate*;

With their Portents I often fill'd my Mind;

For their Portents no certain Cauſe could find;

Sometimes I thought the *Fauns* and *Dryads* dead;

Or, from the Woods, the Great *Silenus* fled;

Or, that ſome *Nymph*, wide wandering, had fell

A fatal Prey, to ſome leud *Dæmon*'s Spell;

Thus I the direful Omens did impute,

Till Sleep o'ertook me in the wild Purſuit.

I.

AS forth I walk'd the Vallies late,

Muſing on dark Decrees of *Fate*,

I heard upon a riven Beech,

The *Raven* croak, and *Night-Owl* ſcreech:

Ye *Swains!* whene'er theſe *Sounds* ye hear,

Think ſome diſaſt'rous *Fate* is near.

II. As

AS I my wand'ring Eyes did turn,
Saw *Laura* leaning on an Urn ;
Looſe her Attire, her Boſom bare,
And wild diſhevell'd all her Hair :
Ye *Swains !* whene'er theſe *Sights* ye ſee,
Think ſoon ſome dire *Miſchance* will be.

MÆNALCAS.

HAPPY, thrice happy had the *Shepherds* been,
Had they no greater *Signs* of *Sorrow* ſeen !
The *Queen* of * *May*, than noon-day Sun more bright,
Hath ſet her Beams in the Abyſs of Night.
To dreary Shades, alas, for ever gone !
On theſe green Plains,—ah, never to return !

APOLLO ! ſtrike the trembling String,
In Verſe her *Elegy* I'll ſing.

MELIBOEUS.

PAN ! ſweetly touch the Faten Reed,
To ſing a *Dirge* it is decreed.

AIR ALTERNATE.

MÆNAL. OFFSPRING of *Heaven !* hail, divineſt *Fair !*
All *Nature*'s Comfort ! now, all *Nature*'s Care !
Thou *Cauſe* of all Diſorders here below,
Great were thy *Virtues*, as immenſe our *Woe*.

MELIBOEUS.

SPRING of Perfection ! Fountain of Relief !
The *Shepherd*'s Comfort ! now the *Shepherd*'s Grief !

Each

* Died on *Sunday* the 2d of *May*, 1742.

Each Tree, and Flow'r that grac'd it, with pleasing Strife,
Is now decay'd, since Thou'rt deprived of *Life*.

MÆNALCAS.

Her *inward* Charms all outward Objects fir'd;
The more they Heard, the more they still Admir'd.

MELIBOEUS.

Her *Wisdom* was the Mirrour of Mankind;
The more they Gaz'd, the brighter still It Shin'd.

MÆNALCAS and MELIBOEUS.

Copy her Deeds, ye Good! and, O, ye Great!
Her shining VIRTUES *gladly imitate.*

MÆNALCAS.

Courteous to All; The Injur'd would defend;
Who never gain'd a *Foe*, nor lost a *Friend*.

MELIBOEUS.

To *Vows* sincere; to *Honour* strictly join'd;
Her *Actions* spoke the Dictates of her *Mind*.

MÆNALCAS.

The Sweets of doing Good S H E really knew;
How prais'd by *All!* and practis'd by how *Few!*

MELIBOEUS.

On *doing Good* her Mind was wholly bent;
Her *doing Good* will be her *Monument*.

MELIBOEUS and MÆNALCAS.

Enjoy, sweet Angel! heav'nly Rest; whilst We
Lament all VIRTUES, *in lamenting* THEE.

Art never drew, nor *Nature* e'er deſign'd
A fairer *Face* to ſuit a fairer *Mind*.

MÆNALCAS.

Without *Art*, charming; chearful, yet devout;
As much *within*, an Angel, as *without*.

MELIBOEUS.

If any Fairer than the *Faireſt* be,
(Virtue adds Bloom to Beauty) it was SHE.

MÆNALCAS and MELIBOEUS.

Copy her Deeds, ye Good! and, O, ye Great!
Her ſhining VIRTUES *gladly imitate.*

MELIBOEUS.

To *Death*'s untimely Call the *Fates* have brought
The beſt Work, that ever *Nature* wrought.

MÆNALCAS.

Nature was wanting, that it took not Care
To make more *laſting*, what it made ſo *fair*.

MELIBOEUS.

Delicious Flower! nipt before its Prime;
So pure a Mold was too refin'd for Time!

MELIBOEUS and MÆNALCAS.

Enjoy, ſweet Angel! heav'nly Reſt; whilſt We
Lament all VIRTUES, *in lamenting* THEE.

I. MÆNALCAS.

THE Face of *Nature* doth decay;
And ev'ry *Flower* fades away!

How

How pale the *Pinks* is grown!
The *Primroſe* from its Stalk is blown!
The *Gilli-flower* ſadly grieves!
And *Violets* ſhed their Purple Leaves!
The Face of *Nature* doth decay;
And ev'ry *Flower* fades away.

II.

THE *Jeſſ'min* doth its Odours loſe!
The *Jonquil* doth all Helps refuſe!
The *Lily* all neglected lies!
The *Tulip* pines away and dies!
The fragrant *Roſe*, of Flow'rs the Chief,
Diſſolves away in ſilent Grief!
The Face of *Nature* doth decay;
And ev'ry *Flower* fades away.

I. MELIBOEUS.

THE tender *Myrtle* droops its Head;
As conſcious fair DORINDA's *dead.*
Lo! on the Ground All wither'd lie,
Reſolving now themſelves to *die.*
Mourn her, ye Rills! ye Streams! deplore,
The fair DORINDA----now no more.

II.

SEE, *Flora* tears her Breaſt, and Hair;
And flies the Grove in wild Deſpair!
Surpaſſing all that Grief can ſhew;
So great her Loſs! ſo deep her Woe!

Morun

Mourn, ye Rills! ye Streams! deplore,
The fair DORINDA——now no more.

MÆNALCAS.

YE *Cyprian Nymphs!* and Sylvan *Deities!*
See the laſt Rights paid to her Obſequies.

MELIBOEUS.

QUIT your Retreats, and with ye Cypreſs bring,
And at her Marble Shrine a *Requiem* ſing.

REQUIEM.

MÆNAL. MAY *Peace* protect the awful Place!
May *Woodbind* there incircle round!
May *Daffodils* thoſe Manſions grace!
And *ſweeteſt Williams* deck the Ground!
May no unhallow'd Hand her *Urn* moleſt!
And may, among the *Saints*, this *Seraph* reſt.

ANTHEM.

MELIB. WEEP, ye Coeleſtial Maids!
Mourn, ye ſad diſmal Shades!
Ye murm'ring Streams! deplore:
Sigh, ev'ry Breath of Air!
In ſolemn Notes declare,
—— DORINDA'S NOW NO MORE.

MÆNALCAS and MELIBOEUS.

ALL *Nature* doth the *Loſs* deplore,
THE GOOD AND GREAT IS NOW NO MORE.

TO

TO THE
IMMORTAL MEMORY of DORINDA.

COULD *Piety*, or *Virtue* ought avail
To turn aſide the never-erring Dart
Of unrelenting *Death*, DORINDA ſtill
Had bleſt our rural Plains, ſecure of *Life*.

Pure was her *Soul*, as native Light unſoil'd
With Vapours foul: *Mild*, as the balmy Zephyrs
Which fan with fragrant Breath the vernal Flowers:
Benevolent, as thoſe bright Minds above,
To whoſe triumphant Choir *ſhe* now is fled

As ſome bright *Star* adorns the lucid Sky,
And for a while diffuſes all around
Its Influence benign, then diſappears,
Extinguiſh'd to the Sight; but when the Heavens
Have roll'd their deſtin'd Courſe, renews its Lamp,
And with its ſparkling Splendor cheers the Night:
Thus ſhall DORINDA with freſh Luſtre riſe
At the laſt Trumpet's far-reſounding Voice;
And eminently ſhine among the *Bleſt*

Then blame We not, with over-fond Complaint,
Th' Awards of Providence; but learn to check
Th' Exceſs of Grief; nor vainly give a Looſe
To Paſſion wild; but chear our drooping Minds
With the bright Thoughts of that tranſporting Bliſs
Cœleſtial, which o'erflows *her* raviſh'd Soul.

No pale Diſeaſe can reach that ſacred Place
Where *She* is now arriv'd; there, joyful Health,
And ever-blooming Youth, immortal ſmile.

With

Think what a Tranſport of refin'd Delight,
At the pure Source of everlaſting Truth,
She'll quench her eager, intellectual Thirſt
With copious Draughts of Science infinite!
Thoſe Myſteries profound, which Darkneſs thick
Conceals from human View, with piercing Eye
In open Light diſclos'd, *She* clearly ſees.

Bleſt Seraphs now rejoice; and kindred Saints
Sing holy Anthems; this they did before,
Upon her firſt Appearance here on Earth;
And now again, with heighten'd Joys, they ſing
The thouſand Welcomes to their happy Gueſt.
Then *All* in grateful Hallelujahs join
To God and to the Lamb: The new-come Soul
Soon learns the heav'nly Airs, and bears its Part
In that cœleſtial Concert, all inflam'd
With pure, immortal Love: Its Life is *Love*.

In theſe bleſt Regions, th' unembody'd Soul
Triumphant dwells, waiting the happy Time,
When the deſerted Body, its Partner dear,
Which now lies mould'ring in the gloomy Grave,
Death's Captive! ſhall incorruptible riſe
In Glory, and majeſtic Radiance clad.
All after this is one eternal Day;
An undiſturbed Scene of endleſs Joy,
And bleſt ſeraphic Raptures ever new.

But whither do I rove! what ſacred Rage
Tranſports my Earth-born Muſe, thus to preſume
With mortal Wing, audaciouſly to mount
Etherial Heights? Forbear! Let Angels ſing
Immortal Joys, which Angels only know.

With This be *We* content, ----DORINDA's *bleſt*,
Beyond what Words *can reach*, *or* Thoughts *conceive*.

F I N I S.